Makes way, and runnes like swallowes ore the plaine,
Demetrius. Chiron we hunt not we, with horse nor hound
But hope to plucke a daintie Doe to ground. *Exeunt.*

Enter Aron *alone.*

Moore. He that had wit, would thinke that I had none,
To burie so much gold vnder a tree,
And neuer after to inherit it.
Let him that thinks of me so abiectlie,
Know that this gold must coine a stratageme,
VVhich cunninglie effected will beget,
A verie excellent peece of villanie:
And so repose sweet gold for their vnrest,
That haue their almes out of the Empresse Chest.

Enter Tamora *alone to the* Moore.

Tamora. My louelie *Aron*, wherefore lookst thou sad,
VVhen euerie thing doth make a gleefull boast?
The birds chaunt melodie on euerie bush,
The snakes lies rolled in the cheerefull sunne,
The greene leaues quiuer with the cooling winde,
And make a checkerd shadow on the ground:
Vnder their sweet shade, *Aron* let vs sit,
And whilst the babling eccho mocks the hounds,
Replying shrillie to the well tun'd hornes,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,
Let vs sit downe and marke their yellowing noyse:
And after conflict such as was supposde
The wandring Prince and *Dido* once inioyed,
VVhen with a happie storme they were surprisde,
And curtaind with a counsaile-keeping Caue,
VVe may each wreathed in the others armes,
(Our pastimes done,) possesse a golden slumber,
VVhiles hounds and hornes, and sweete mellodious birds
Be vnto vs as is a Nurces song
Of Lullabie, to bring her Babe a sleepe.

Moore,

Moore. Maddam, though *Venus* gouer
Saturne is dominator ouer mine:
VVhat signifies my deadlie standing eie,
My silence, ann my clowdie melancholie,
My fleece of wollie haire that now vncurl
Euen as an Adder when shee doth vnrowle
To doo some fatall execution.
No Maddam, these are no veneriall signes
Vengeance is in my hart, death in my hand
Blood and reuenge are hammering in my
Harke *Tamora* the Empresse of my soule,
Which neuer hopes more heauen than re
This is the daie of doome for *Bassianus*,
His *Philomel* must loose her tongue to daie
Thy sonnes make pillage of her chastitie,
And wash their hands in *Bascianus* blood.
Seest thou this letter? take it vp I pray thee
And giue the king this fatall plotted scrow
Now question me no more we are espied,
Here comes a parcell of our hope ful lboo
VVhich dreads not yet their liues destruct

Enter Bascianus, *and* Lauin
Tamora. Ah my sweete *Moore*, sweeter
Moore. No more great Empresse, *Bascia*
Be crosse with him, and Ile goe fetch thy so
To backe thy quarrels what so ere they bee
Bascianus. who haue we here? Romes R
Vnfurnisht of her well beseeming troope
Or is it *Dian* habited like her,
VVho hath abandoned her holie groues,
To see the generall hunting in this Forrest
Tamora. Sawcie controwler of my priua
Had I the powre that some say *Dian* had,
Thy temples should be planted presentli